



THE
MERRY DEVILL
OF
EDMONTON.

As it hath bene fundry times
Acted, hy his Majesties Seruants,
*at the Globe on the Bancke
side.*



LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for *Arthur Johnson*, dwelling
at the signe of the white Horse, in Paules
Church-yarde, ouer against the great
North doore of Paules.



The merry Diuell. of Edmonton.

The Prologue.

YOur silence and attention worthy friends,
That your free spirits may with more pleasing sense,
Relish the life of this our actiue sceane,
To which intent, to calme this murmuring breath,
We ring this round with our inuoking spellles,
If that your listning eares be yet prepar'd
To entertaine the subiect of our play,
Lend vs your patience.

Tis *Peter Fabell* a renowned Scholler,
Whose fame hath still beene hitherto forgot
By all the writers of this latter age.
In Middle-sex his birch and his abode,
Not full seauen mile from this great famous Citie
That for his fame in sleights and magicke won,
Was calde the merry Fiend of Edmonton.
If any heere make doubt of such a name,
In Edmonton yet fresh vnto this day,
Fixt in the wall of that old antient Church
His monument remaineth to be seene;
His memory yet in the mouths of men,
That whilst he liude he could deceiue the Diuell.
Imagine now that whilst he is retirde,
From Cambridge backe vnto his natieue home,
Suppose the silent sable visagde night,

The merry Diuell

Casts her blacke curtaine ouer all the world,
And whilst he sleeps within his silent bed,
Toylde with the studies of the passed day;
The very time and houre wherein that spirit
That many yeares attended his commaund;
And oftentimes twixt Cambridge and that towne,
Had in a minute borne him through the ayre,
By composition twixt the fiend and him, *Draw the curtaines,*
Comes now to claime the Scholler for his due.
Behold him heere laide on his restless couch,
His fatall chime prepared at his head,
His chamber guarded with these sable sights,
And by him stands that Necromanticke chaire,
In which he makes his direfull inuocations,
And binds the fiends that shall obey his will,
Sit with a pleased eye vntill you know
The Commicke end of our sad Tragique show, *Exit,*

*The Chime goes, in which time Fabell is oft seene to stare about
him, and hold up his hands.*

Fa. What meanes the toulling of this fatall chime?
O what a trembling horror strikes my hart!
My stiffned haire stands vpright on my head,
As doe the bristles of a porcupine.

Enter Coreb a Spirit.

Co. Fabell awake, or I will beare thee hence headlong
to hell.

Fab. Ha, ha, why dost thou wake me?
Coreb, is it thou?

Cor. Tis I.

Fa. I know thee well, I heare the watchfull dogs,
With hollow howling tell of thy approch,
The lights burne dim, affrighted with thy presence:
And this distemperd and tempestuous night
Tells me the ayre is troubled with some Diuell.

Cor. Come, art thou ready?

Fab.

of Edmonton.

Fab. Whither? or to what?

Cor. Why Scholler this the houre my date expires,
I must depart and come to claime my due.

Fab. Hah, what is thy due?

Cor. *Fabell*, thy selfe.

Fab. O let not darkenes heare thee speake that word,
Least that with force it hurry hence amiane,
And leaue the world to looke vpon my woe,
Yet ouerwhelme me with this globe of earth,
And let a little sparrow with her bill,
Take but so much as she can beare away,
That euery day thus losing of my load,
I may againe in time yet hope to rise.

Cor. Didst thou not write thy name in thine owne blood?
And drewst the formall deed twixt thee and mee,
And is it not recorded now in hell?

Pa. Why comst thou in this sterne and horred shape?
Not in familiar sort as thou wast wont?

Cor. Because the date of thy command is out,
And I am maister of thy skill and thee.

Fa. *Cereb*, thou angry and impatient spirit,
I haue earnestt businelle for a priuate friend,
Reserue me spirit vntill some further time.

Cor. I will not for the mines of all the earth.

Fa. Then let me rise, and ere I leaue the world,
Ile dispatch some busines that I haue to doe,
And in meane time repose thee in that chayre.

Cor. *Fabel*, I will.

Sir donne.

Fa. O that this soule that cost so great a price,
As the deere pretious blood of her redeemer,
Inspirde with knowledge, should by that alone
Which makes a man so meane vnto the powers,
Euen lead him downe into the depth of hell,
When men in their owne pride strue to know more
Then man should know!
For this alone God cast the Angels downe,
The infinitie of Arts is like a sea,

Into.

The merry Diuell

Into which when man will take in hand to saile
Further then reason, which should be his pilot,
Hath skill to guide him, loosing once his compasse,
He falleth to such deepe and dangerous whirlepooles,
As he doth loose the very sight of heauen:
The more he strives to come to quiet harbor,
The further still he finds himselfe from land,
Man striving still to finde the depth of euill,
Seeking to be a God, becomes a Diuell.

Cor. Come *Fabell* hast thou done?

Fab. Yes, yes, come hither.

Cor. *Fabell*, I cannot.

Fab. Cannot, what ailes your hollownes?

Cor. Good *Fabell* helpe me.

Fab. Alas where lies your griefe? some Aqua-vitæ,
The Diuel's very sicke, I feare hee'l die,
For he lookes very ill.

Cor. Darst thou deride the minister of darkenes?
In Lucifers dread name *Coreb* coniures thee
To set him free.

Fab. I will not for the mines of all the earth,
Vnles thou giue me libertie to see,
Seauen fiends more before thou seaze on mee.

Cor. *Fabell*, I giue it thee.

Fab. Swear damned fiend.

Cor. Vnbind me, and by hell I will not touch thee,
Till seauen yeares from this houre be full expired.

Fab. Enough, come out.

Cor. A vengeance take thy art,
Liue and conuert all piety to euill,
Neuer did man thus ouer-reach the Diuell;
No time on earth like Phaetentique flames,
Can haue perpetuall being. He returne
To my infernall mansion, but be sure
Thy seauen yeeres done, no tricke shall make me tarry,
But *Coreb*, thou to hell shalt *Fabell* carry.

Fab. Then thus betwixt vs two this variance ends,

Thou

of Edmonton.

Thou to thy fellow Fiends, I to my Friends.

Exit.

*Euter Syr Arthur Clare, Dorcas his Lady, Milliscent his Daughter,
young Harry Clare, the man booted, the Gentle-woman,*

In cloakes and safe-garbes, Blague the merry

Host of the George comes in with them.

Host. **VV** Elcome good Knight to the George at *Waltingham*,
My Freehold, my Tenemēts, goods, and chattels:
Madame hee's a roome in the very Homer and

Iliads of a lodging, it hath none of the 4. elements in it; I built
it out of the Center, and I drinke nere the lesse Sacke.

Welcome my little wast of Maiden-heads, what?

I serue the good duke of Norfolk.

Clare. God a mercie my good Host *Blague*,
Thou hast a good seate here.

Host T'is correspondent or so, theres not a *Tartarian*
Nor a Carrier shall breath vpon your Geldings,
They haue villanous rancke feete, the rogues,
And they shall not sweate in my linnen.

Knights and Lords too haue bene drunke in my house:

I thanke the Destinies:

Har. Pre'the good sinfull In-keeper, will that corruption thine
Ostler, looke well to my Geldings: Hay, a poxe of these rushes.

Host. You, Saint *Dennis*, your Geldings shall walke without
doores, and coole his feete, for his Matters sake, by the bodie of
S. George, I haue an excellent intellect to go steale some venison,
Now when wast thou in the Forrest?

Harr. Away you stale messe-of-white-broth: Come hither
sister, let me helpe you.

Clare. Mine Hoste, is not *Syr Richard Mowchensey* come
yet, according to our appointment when we last dinde here?

Host. The Knight's not yet apparent, marry heere's a Fore-
runner that sumons a parley; and saith, hee'le be heere Top and
top-gallant presently.

Clare. Tis well; Good mine Host goe downe, and see Break-
fast be provided.

Host. Knight, thy breath hath the force of a woman, it takes me

B

me

The merry Deuill

me downe, I am for the baser Element of the Kitchin; I retire like a valiant souldier, face point blanke to the foe-man; or like a Courtier, that must not shew the Prince his posteriors; vanish to know my Canualladoes, and my interrogatories, for I serue the good duke of Norfolke. *Exit.*

Cla. How doth my Ladie, are you not weary Madame?
Come hither, I must talke in priuate with you,
My daughter *Milliscent* must not ouer-heare.

Mill. I, whispering, pray God it tend to my good,
Strange feare assailes my heart, vsurps my bloud.

Cla. You know our meeting with the Knight *Mounchensey*,
Is to assure our daughter to his heire.

Dor. Tis without question.

Cla. Two tedious Winters haue past ore, since first
These couple lou'd each other, and in passion,
Glewd first their naked hands with youthful ioysture,
Iust so long on my knowledge.

Dor. And what of this?

Cla. This morning should my daughter be her name,
And to *Mounchenseys* house conuey our armes,
Quartered within his scutchion; th'affiance made
Twixt him and her, this morning should be sealde.

Dor. I know it should.

Cla. But there are crosses wife, here's one in *Walsham*,
Another at the *Abbey*; and the third
At *Cheston*: and tis ominous to passe
Any of these without a *Pater-noster*.
Crosses of *Loue* still thwart this marriage,
Whilst that we two like spirites walke in night,
About those stonie, and hard-harted plots.

Mill. O God, what meanes my father?

Cla. For looke you wife the riotous olde Knight.
Hath ore-run his annuall reuerue,
In keeping tolly *Christmas* all the yeare,
The notthrilles of his chimney are still stuffe,
With smoke more chargeable then *Cane-tobacco*,
His hawkes deuoure his fattest dogs, whilst simple,

o Edmonton.

His leanest cures ease his hounds carrion
Belides, I heard of late his younger Brother,
Or *Turkey-Marchant*, hath sure suck'de the Knight,
By meanes of some great losses on the Sea,
That you conceiue me, before God all naught,
His seate is weake, thus each thing rightly scand,
Youle see a flight wife, shortly of his Land. *z*

Mill. Treason to my hearts truest soueraigne,
How soor is loue smothered in foggy gaine?

Dor. B how shall wee preuent this dangerous match?

Cla. I l... is a plot, a tricke, and this it is,
Vnder this shroude breake off the match;
He tell the Knight that now my minde is chaungde
For marrying of my daughter; for I intend
To send her vnto *Cheston Nunry*,

Mill. O me accurst!

There to become a most religious Nunne.

Mill. He first be buried quicke.

Cla. To spend her beautie in most priuate prayers.

Mill. He sooner be a sinner in forsaking
Mother and father.

Cla. How dost like my plot?

Dor. Exceeding well, but is it your intent
She shall continue there?

Cla. Continue there, Ha, ha, that were a jest,
You know a Virgin may continue there,
A twelue-month and a day, onely on triall,
There shall my daughter sojourne some three moneths.
And in meane time he compassse a faire match
Twixt youthfull *Ierningham*, the lusty heire
Of (*Syr Raphe Ierningham*) dwelling in the Forrest;
I thinke they'le both come hither with *Mounchensy*. *Exeunt.*

Dor. Your care argues the loue you beare our childe,
I will subscribe to any thing youle haue me.

Mill. You will subscribe to it, good, good, tis well,
Loue hath two chaires of state, heauen and hell;
My deare *Mounchensy*, thou my death shalt rue.

The merry Deuill

Ere to thy heart *Milliscent* proue vnttrue.

Exit.

Enter Blague.

Host. Ostlers, you knaues and commanders, take the Horses of the Knights and Competitors: your honorable Hulkes haue put into harborough, theile take in fresh-water here, and I haue prouided cleane chamberpots.

Tis, they come.

Enter Syr Richard Mouchenssey, Syr Raphe Ierningham, yourg Franke Ierningham, Raymond Mouchenssey, Peter Fabel, and Bilbo.

Host. The Destinies bee most neate Chamberlaiues to these swaggering Puritanes, Knights of the Inbsidie.

Syr Moun. God a mercie good mine *Host.*

Syr Iern. Thankes good host *Blague.*

Host. Roome for my case of Pistolles, that haue Greeke and Latine bullets in them: Let me cling to your flankes my nimble Giberalters, and blowe winde in your calues to make them swell bigger: Ha, Ile caper in mine owne-Fee-simple, away with purtillioes, and Orthography, I serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Bilbo. *Titere tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi.*

Bil. Truly mine *Host*, *Bilbo*, though he be somewhat out of fashion, will be your onely blade still, I haue a villanous sharpe stomacke to slice a breake-fast.

Host. Thou shalt haue it without any more discontinuance, releases, or attournement; what? we know our termes of hunting, and the Sea-card.

Btl. And doe you serue the good Duke of Norfolke still?

Host. Still, and still, and still, my souldier of S. *Quintins*, come, follow me, I haue Charles-waine belowe in a Butte of lacke, I will glister like your Crab-fish.

Bilb. You haue fine Scholler-like-Tearmes, your Coopers Dixionarie is your onely booke, to studie in a Celler, a man shall finde very straunge words in it, come my *Host*, lets serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Host. And still, and still, and still my Boy, Ile serue the good duke of Norfolke.

Ier.

of Edmenton.

Ier. Good Sir *Arthur Clare*.

Clar. What Gentleman is that? I know him not.

Moun. Tis *M. Fabell* Sir, a Cambridge scholler,
My sonnes deere friend.

Clar. Sir, I intreate you know me.

Fab. Command me sir, I am affected to you
For your *Mounchensyes* sake.

Clar. Alas for him,
I not respect whether he sinke or swim,
A word in priuate Sir *Raph Ierningham*.

Ray. Me thinkes your father looketh strangely on me,
Say loue, why are you sad?

Mill. I am not sweete,
Passion is strong, when woe with woe doth meete.

Clar. Shall's in to breakefast, after wee'l conlude
The cause of this our comming, in and feed.
And let that vs her a more serious deed.

Mill. Whilst you desire his griefe, my heart shall bleed.

Yong Ier. *Raymond Mounchensy* come be frolick friend,
This is the day thou hast expected long.

Ray. Pray God deere *Harry Clare* it proue so happy,

Ier. There's nought can alter it, be merry lad

Fab. There's nought shall alter it, be liuely *Raymond*,
Stand any opposition gainst thy hope,
Art shall confront it with her largest scope.

Exeunt.

Peter Fabell, solus.

Fab. Good old *Mounchensy*, is thy hap so ill,
That for thy bounty and thy royall parts,
Thy kind alliance should be held in scorne,
And after all these promises by *Clare*,
Refuse to giue his daughter to thy sonne,
Onely because thy Reuenues cannot reach,
To make her dowage of so rich a ioynture,
As can the heire of wealthy *Ierningham*?
And therefore is the false foxe now in hand,
To strike a match betwixt her and th'other,
And the old gray-beards now are close together,

The merry Diuell

Plotting it in the garden. Is't euen so?

Raymond Mowchen/ey, boy, haue thou and I
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberall Arts,
The Metaphysickes, Magicke, and those parts,
Of the most secret deepe philosophic?

Haue I so many melancholy nights

Watch'd on the top of Peter-house highest tower?

And come we backe vnto our native home,

For want of skill to lose the wench thou lou'st?

Weele first hang Enuill in such rings of miste

As neuer rose from any dampish fenne,

Ile make the brinde sea to rise at Ware,

And drowne the marshes vnto Stratford bridge,

Ile drive the Deere from Waltham in their walkes,

And scatter them like sheepe in euery field:

We may perhaps be crost, but if we be,

He shall crosse the diuell that but crossees me. *Enter Raymond*

But here comes *Raymond* disconsolate & sad, and *yong Ierning*.

And heeres the gallant that must haue the wench.

I pre'thee *Raymond* leaue these solemne dumps,

Reuiue thy spirits, thou that before hast beene,

More watchfull then the day-proclayming cocke,

As sportiue as a Kid, as francke and merry

As mirth her selfe.

If ought in me may thy content procure,

It is thine owne thou mayst thy selfe assure.

Ray. Ha *Ierningham*, if any but thy selfe

Had spoke that word, it would haue come as cold

As the bleake Northerne winds, vpon the face

Of winter.

From thee they haue some power vpon my blood,

Yet being from thee, had but that hollow sound,

Come from the lips of any liuing man,

It might haue won the credite of mine care,

From thee it cannot.

Ier. If I vnderstand thee, I am a villain,

What, dost thou speake in parables to thy friends?

Clar.

of Edmonton.

Clar. Come boy and make me this same groning loue,
Troubled with ititches, and the cough a'th lungs,
That wept his eyes out when he was a childe,
And euer since hath shot at hudman-blind,
Make her leape, caper, ierke and laugh and sing,
And play me horse-trickes,
Make Cupid wanton as his mothers doue,
But, in this sort boy I would haue thee loue.

Fab. Why how now mad cap? what my lusty *Frankie*,
So neere a wife, and will not tell your friend?
But you will to this geere in hugger-mugger,
Art thou turnde miser Rascall in thy loues?

Ier. Who I? z'blood, what should all you see in me,
That I should looke like a married man? ha,
Am I balde? are my legs too little for my hose?
If I feele any thing in my forehead, I am
a villain, doe I weare a night-cap? doe I bend
in the hams? What dost thou see in me that I
should be towards marriage, ha?

Cla. What thou married? let me looke vpon thee,
Rogue, who hes giuen this out of thee? how
camst thou into this ill name? what company
Hast thou bin in Rascall?

Fab. You are the man sir, must haue Millefcent,
The match is making in the garden now,
Her ioynture is agreed on, and th'old men
Your fathers meane to lanch their busy bags,
But in meane time to thrust Mountchensley off,
For colour of this new intended match.
Faure Millefcent to Cheston must be sent,
To take the approbation for a Nun.
Nere looke vpon me lad, the match is done.

Ier. Raymond Mountchensley, now I touch thy grieft,
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.
And as for faure and beauteous Millefcent,
With my vaine breath I will not seeke to flubber,
Her angell like perfections, but thou know'st,

That

The merry Diuell

That Essex hath the Saint that I adore,
Where ere did'st meete me, but we two were Iouiall,
But like a wag thou hast not laught at me,
And with regardles iesting mockt my loue?
Now many a sad and weary summer night,
My sighs haue dranke the dew from off the earth,
And I haue taught the Nitingale to wake,
And from the meadowes sprung the care ly lark,
An houre before she should haue list to sing,
I haue loaded the poore minutes with my moanes,
That I haue made the heauy slow palde houres,
To hang like heauie clogs vpon the day.
But deere *Mounchensy*, had not my affection
Seazde on the beauty of another dame,
Before I would wrong the chase and leaue the loue,
Of one so worthy and so true a friend,
I will abiure both beauty and her sight,
And will in loue become a counterfeit.

Mount. Deere *Ierningham*, thou hast begot my life,
And from the mouth of hell where now I fate,
I feele my spirit rebound against the stars:
Thou hast conquered me deere friend in my free soule,
Their time or death can by their power controule.

Fab. Franke *Ierningham*, thou art a gallant boy,
And were he not my pupill I would say,
He were as fine a metled gentleman,
Of as free spirit, and of as fine a temper,
As is in England, and he is a Man,
That very richly may deserue thy loue.
But noble *Clare*, this while of our discourse,
What may *Mounchensys* honour to thy selfe,
Exact vpon the measure of thy grace? (know

Clar. *Raymond Mounchensy*? I would haue thee
He does not breath this ayre,
Whose loue I cherish, and whose soule I loue,
More then *Mounchensyes*:
Nor euer in my life did see the man,
Whom for his wit and many vertuous parts,

worthy of Edmonton.

I thinke no more of my sisters loue.

But since the matter growes vnto this passe,

I must not seeme to crosse my Fathers will.

But when thou list to visit her by night,

My horses saddled, and the stable doore

Stands readie for thee, vse them at thy pleasure,

In honest marriage wedde her frankly boy, *

And if thou getst her Ladde, God giue thee ioy.

Then Care-away, let Fates my fall pretend,
Backt with the fauours of so true a friend.

Fab. Let vs alone to busell for the set,
Por Age and craft, with wit and Arte haue met.
He make my sprites to daunce such nightly jigges,
Along the way twist this and Totnam crosse,
The Carriers lades shall cast their heauie packes,
And the strong hedges scarce shall keepe them in :
The Milke-maides Cuts, shall turne the wenches off,
And lay the Dollers tumbling in the dust :
The francke and merry London Prentises,
That come for creame, and lusty countrey cheare,
Shall lose their way, and scrambling in the ditches
All night, shall whoop and hollow, cry and call,
And none to other finde the way at all.

Monn. Pursue the project scholler, what we can doe,
To helpe indeuour, ioyne our liues thereto.

Enter Banks, Syr Iohn, and Smug.

Banks. Take me with you, good *Syr Iohn* ; a plague on thee
Smug , and thou touchest liquor thou art founderd streight :
what, are your braines alwayes Water-milles, must they euer
runne round ?

Smug Banks, your ale is a *Philistine* Foxe ; z' hart theres fire
i'th taile ; out, you are a rogue to charge vs with Mugs ith rere-
ward : a plague of this winde, O it tickles our *Catastrophe*.

Syr Ioh: Neighbour *Banks* of *Waltham*, and Goodman *Smug*
the honest Smith ol *Edmonton*, as I dwell betwixt you both, at
Enfelde, I know the taste of both your ale-houses, they are good
both, smart both ; hem, *Grasse* and *Hey*, we are all mortall, let's

The merry Diuell

at leape-froge naked in their smockes,
Vntill the merrie wenches at their masse,
Cry teehee, weehce,
And tickling these mad lasses in their flankes,
Shall sprawle and squeake, and pinch their fellow Nunnes.
Be liuely boyes, before the wench we lose,
He make the Abb^{ys} swear the Cannons hoose. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Harry Clare, Francke Ierningham, Peter Fabell,
and Millicent.*

Ha. Cla. Spight now hath done her worst, sister be patient.

Ier. Foreward poore *Raymonds* company to heauen,
When the composure of weake frailtie meete,
Vpon this mart of durt; O then weake loue,
Must in her owne vn happiness be silent,
And wincke on all deformities.

Milli. Tis well;

Winers *Raymond* brother? whers my deere Mounchensey?
Would we might weepe together and then part,
Out sighing parley would much ease my heart.

Fab. Sweete beautie fold your sorrowes in the thought,
Of future reconcilment, let your teares
Shew you a woman; but be no farther spent
Then from the eyes; for (sweete) experience saies,
That loue is firme thats flattered with delais.

Milli. Alas sir, thinke you I shall ere be his?

Fab. As sure as panting smiles on future blisse,
Yond comes my friend, see he hath doted
So long vpon your beautie, that your want
Will with a pale retirement wast his blood,
For in true loue, Musicke doth sweetly dwell,
Seuerd, these lesse worlds beare within them hell.

Enter Mounchensey.

Mount. Harry and Francke, you are enioynd to waine your
friendship from me, we must part the breath of all aduised cor-
ruption, pardon me.

Faith

of Edmonton.

Faith I must say so, you may thinke I loue you,
I breath not, rougher spight do seuer vs,
Weele meete by steale sweet friend by stealth you twaine,
Kisses are sweetest got with strugling paine.

Ier. Our friendship dies not *Raymond.*

Moun. Pardon me :

I am busied, I haue lost my faculties,
And buried them in *Milliscent*s cleere eyes.

Milli. Alas sweete Loue what shall become of me?
I must to Chelton to the Nunrie,
I shall nere see thee more.

Moun. How sweete I

Ile be thy votarie, weele often meete,
This kisse diuides vs, and breathes lost adiew,
This be a double charme to keepe both true. (ting,

Fab. Haue done, your fathers may chance spie your par-
Refuse not you by any meanes good sweetnes?
To goe vnto the Nunnerie, farre from hence,
Must we beget your loues sweete happines,
You shall not stay there long, your harder bed,
Shall be more soft when Nun and maide are dead.

Enter Bilbo.

Moun. Now sirra what's the matter?

Bil. Marry you must to horse presently, that villanous old
gowtie churle, *Sir Richard Clare* longs till he be at the Nunrie.

Ha. Cla. How sir?

O I cry you mercy, he is your father sir indeed; but I am sure
that theres lesse affinitie betwixt your two natures, then there is
betweene a broker and a cutpurse.

Moun. Bring my gelding sirra.

Bil. Well nothing grieues me, but for the poore wench, she
must now cry vale to Lobster pices, hartichokes, and all such
meates of mortalitie; poore gentlewoman, the signe must not
be in virgo any longer with her, and that me grieues, fall well,
Poore *Milliscent.*

Must pray and repent :

The merry Deuill

Clare That Ile shut vp my doores I warrant thee,
Mounchensy Let it suffice *Mounchensy*, I mislike it,
Nor thinke thy sonne a match fit for my childe,
To tell thee (*Clare*) his blood is good and cleere,
As the best drop that panteth in thy veynes :
But for this Maide thy faire and vertuous childe,
She is more disparag'd by thy basenes,
Then the most Orient, and the precious Jewell,
Which still retaines his lustre and his beautie,
Although a slaue were owner of the same.

Clare. Shee is the last is left me to bestow,
And her I meane to dedicate to God.

Moun. You doe sir ?

Clare. Syr, syr, I doe, she is mine owne.

Moun. And pitie she is so,
Damnation dog-thee, and thy wretched pelfe aside.

Clare. Not thou *Mounchensy*, shalt bestow my childe.

Moun. Neither shouldst thou bestow her where thou
Mean'st.

Clare. What wilt thou doe ?

Moun. No matter, let that bee,
I will doe that perhaps shall anger thee ;
Thou hast wrongd my loue, and by Gods blessed Angell,
Thou shalt well know it.

Clare. Tut, braue not me.

Moun. Braue thee base Churle, were't not for man-hood sake,
I say no more, but that there be some by,
Whose blood is hotter then ours is,
Which being stird, might make vs both repent
This foolish meeting : but *Raphe Clare*,
Although thy Father haue abusde my friendship,
Yet I loue thee, I doe my noble boy.
I do yfaith.

Lady. I, doe, doe, fill all the world with talke of vs, man, man.
I neuer lookt for better at your hands.

Fab. I hope your great experience and your yeeres,
Would haue prou'd patience rather to your soule,
Then with this frantique and vntamed passion,

of Edmunt.

To whet their skeens, and but that,
I hope their friendships are too well confirmd,
And their minds temperd with more kindly heat,
Then for their forward parents soares,
That they should breake forth into publique brawles,
How ere the rough hand of th'untoward world,
Hath moulded your proceedings in this matter,
Yet I am sure the first intent was loue :
Then since the first spring was so sweet and warme,
Let it die gently, ne're kill it with a scorne.

Ray. O thou base world, how leproous is that soule
That is once lim'd in that polluted mudde,
Oh sir *Arthur* you haue startled his free actiue spirits,
With a too sharpe spur for his minde to beare :
Haue patience sir, the remedie to woe,
Is to leaue what of force we must forgoe.

Mill. And I must take a twelue moneths approbation,
That in meane time this sole and private life,
At the yeares end may fashion me a wife :
But sweet *Mouchensy* ere this yeare be done,
Thou'lt be a Frier if that I be a Nun ;
And father, ere yong *Ierninghams* Ile bee,
I will turne mad to spight both him and thee.

Clare. Wife come to horse, and huswife make you readie,
For if I liue, I sweare by this good light,
Ile see you lodgde in Cheston house to night.

Moun. *Raymond* away, thou seest how matters fall,
Churle, hell consume thee and thy pelfe and all.

Fab. Now *M. Clare*, you see how matters fadge,
Your *Millescent* must needs be made a Nun :
Well sir, we are the men must plie this match,
Hold you your peace and be a looker on,
And lend her vnto Cheston where he will,
Ile send mee fellowes of a handfull hie,
Into the Cloysters where the Nuns frequent,
Shall make them skip like Does about the Dale,
And make the Lady prioreesse of the house to play

The merry Diuell

liue till he die, and be merry, and theres an end.

Banks. Well said sir *John*, you are of the same humor still, and doth the water runne the same way still boy?

Smug. *Iulcan* was a rogue to him; *Syr John*, locke, locke, locke fast *Syr John*: so *Syr John*, Ile one of these yeares, when it shall please the Goddesses, and the Destinies, be drunke in your companie; thats all now, and God send vs health; shall I sweare I loue you?

Syr John. No Oaths, no Oaths, good neighbour *Smug*, Wee wet our lippes together and hugge;
Carrouse in priuate, and cleuate the heart,
And the Liuer, and the Lights, and the Lights,
Marke you me within vs, for hem,
Grasse and Hey, we are all mortall, lets liue till we die, and be Merrie, and theres an end.

Banks. But to our former motion, about stealing some Venison, whither goe we?

Syr Jo. Into the Forrest, neighbour *Banks*, into *Brians* walke the madde Keeper.

Smug. Z'blood, ile tickle your Keeper.

Bank. Yfaith thou art alwayes drunke, when we haue neede of thee.

Smug. Need of mee? z'hart, you shall haue need of mee alwayes, while theres yron in an Anuill.

Banks. M. *Parson*, may the *Smith* goe (thinke you) being in this taking?

Smug. Go, Ile goe in spite of all the Belles in *Waltham*.

Syr Jo. The question is good Neighbour *Banks*, let me see, the Moone shines to night; there's not a narrow bridge betwixt this and the Forrest, his braine may be settled ere night; he may goe, hee may go neighbour *Banks*: Now we want none but the companie of mine host *Blague*, of the *George* at *Waltham*, if hee were here, our Consort were full; Looke where comes my good host, the Duke of *Norfolkes* man: and how? and how? a hem, Grasse and hay, we are not yet mortall, lets liue till we die, and be merry, and theres an end.

Enter Host.

Host. Ha my Castilian Dialogues, and art thou in breath still boy? *Miller*, doth the match hold *Smith*, I see by thy eyes thou
halt

of Edmonton.

hast bin reading little *Genena* print: but wend we merrily to the Forrest, to steale some of the *Kings Deere*. Ile meete you at the time appointed: away, I haue Knights & Colonells at my house, and must tend the Hungarions. If wee be scar'd in the Forrest, weele meete in the Church-porch at *Enfield*; ist correspondent?

Banks. Tis well; but how if any of vs should be taken?

Smi. He shall haue ransome by the Lord.

Hoff. Tush, the Knaue-Keepers are my bosonians, and my pensioners, nine a clocke, be valiāt, my little *Gogmagogs*; Ile fence with all the Iustices in *Hartford-shire*; Ile haue a Bucke till I die, Ile slay a Doe while I liue, hold your bowe straight and steadie. I serue the good duke of Norfolke.

Smug. O rare! who, ho, ho, boy.

Syr Io. Peace neighbour *Smug*: you see this *Boore*, a *Boore* of the Countrey, an illiterate *Boore*, and yet the Citizen of good fellowes, come, lets prouide a henne: Grasse and hay, we are not yet all mortall, weele liue till we die, and be merry, and theres an end, come *Smug*.

Smug. God night *Waltham*, who, ho, ho, boy. *Exeunt*.

Enter the Knights and Gentlemen from breakefast againe.

Old Moun. Nor I for thee *Clare*, not of this, What? hast thou fed me all this while with shalles? And com'st to tell me now thou lik'st it not?

Clare. I doe not hold thy offer competent. Nor doe I like th'assurance of thy loue, The title is so brangled with thy debts.

Old Mo. Too good for thee, and Knight thou knowst it well, I sawnd not on thee, for thy goods, not I, Twas thine owne motion, that thy wife doth know.

Lad. Husband it was so, hee lies not in that.

Clar. Hold thy chat queane.

Old Mo. To which I haekened, willingly, and the rather, Because I was perswaded it proceed-d From loue thou bor'st to me, and to my boy' And gau'st him free accesse vnto thy house, Where he hath not behau'de him to thy childe, But as befits a Gentleman to doe: Nor is my poore distressed state so low,

The merry Diuell

O fatall wonder!
Sheele now be no fatter,
Loue must not come at her,
Yet she shall be kept vnder.

Exit.

Ier. Farewell deere *Raymond*.

Ha. Cla. Friend adew.

Mill. Deere sweete.

Now ioy enioyes my heart till we next meete.

Exeunt.

Fab. Well *Raymond* now the tide of discontent,
Beats in thy face, but er't be long, the wind
Shall turne the flood, we must to *Waltham Abby*,
And as faire *Millisens* in *Cheston* liues,
A most vnwilling Nun, so thou shalt there
Become a beardless Nouice, to what end
Let time and future accidents declare:
Till thou my sights, thy loue ile onely share.

Mount. Turne fir. become my good Counseler lets goe,
Yet that disguise will hardly throwd my woe.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Prioreffe of Cheston, with a Nun or two, Sir Arthur
Clare, Sir Raph Ierningham, Henry and Francke, the Lady,
and Bilbo, with Millisens.*

La. Cla. Madam;
The loue vnto this holy sisterhood,
And our confirmd opinion of your zeale,
Hath truly wonne vs to bestow our Childe,
Rather on this then any neighbouring Cell.

Pri. Ihesus daughter Maries childe,
Holy matron woman milde,
For thee a masse shall still be said,
Every sister drop a bead.
And those againe succeeding them
For you shall ring a *Requiem*.

Frank. The wench is gone *Harry*, she is no more a woman of
this world, marke her well, she looks like a Nun already, what
thinkest thou of her?

Har. By my faith her face comes handsomly to't,

But

of Edmonton.

But peace, lets heare the rest.

Syr Ar. Madame, for a twelue-moneths approbation,
We meane to make this triall of our childe.
Your care, and our deere blessing in meane time
We pray, may prosper this intended worke.

Pri. May your happie soule be blite,
That so truely pay your Tithe,
He who many children gaue,
Tis fit that hee one childe should haue.
Then faire Virgin heare my spell,
For I must your dutie tell.

Mill. Good men and true, stand together, and heare your charge.

Pri. Firſt, a mornings take your booke,
The glaſſe wherein your ſelfe muſt looke,
Your young thoughts, ſo proud and iolly,
Muſt be turnd to motions holie;
For your buſke, attyres, and toyes,
Haue your thoughts on heauenly ioyes;
And for all your follies paſt,
You muſt do penance, pray, and faſt.

Bil. Let her take heed of faſting, and if euer ſhe hurt herſelfe
with praying, Ile nere truſt beaſt.

Mill. This goes hard beſide lady.

Pri. You ſhall ring the ſacring Bell,
Keepe your howers, and tell your Knell,
Riſe at midnight to your Mattins,
Read your Pſalter, ſing your Lattins,
And when your blood ſhall kinde pleaſure,
ſcourge your ſelfe in plenteous meaſure.

Mill. Worſe and worſe by *Saint Mary*,

Fr. Sirra, *Hal.* how does ſhe hold her countenance? well, goe
thy wayes, if euer thou proue a *Nunne*, Ile build an *Abbey*.

Har. She may be a *Nunne*, but if euer ſhe proue an *Anchoreſſe*,
Ile digge her graue with my nailes.

Fra. To her againe mother.

Har. Hold thine owne wench.

The merry Diuel

Prio. You must read the morning *Masse*,
You must creepe vnto the *Crosse*,
Put cold Ashes on your head,
Haue a Haire-cloth for your bed.

Bil. She had rather haue a man in her bed.

Prio. Bind your beads, and tell your needs,
Your holie *Axies*, and your *Credes*,
Holy-maide, this must be done,
If you meane to liue a *Nunne*.

Mill. The holy-maide will be no *Nunne*.

Syr Ar. Madame we haue some businesse of import,
And must be gone.

Wilt please you take my wife into your closet,
Who further will acquaint you with my mind,
And so good Madame for this time Adieu.

Exeunt women.

Syr Raph. Well now *Francke Clare*, How sayest thou? to be
briefe.

What wilt thou say for all this, if we two,
Thy father, and my selfe can bring about,
That we conuert this Nunne to be a wife,
And thou the husband to this pretty Nunne,
How then my Lad? ha *Franke*, it may be done.

Har. I, now it workes.

Fra. O God sir, you amaze me at your words,
Thinke with your selfe Syr, what a thing it were,
To cause a *Recluse* to remoue her vow,
A maymed, contrite, and Repentant soule,
Euer mortified with *Fasting* and with *Prayer*,
Whose *Thoughts* euen as her *Eyes* are fix'd on heauen,
To drawe a *Virgin* thus deuow'd with zeale,
Backe to the world! *Crimious deede*;
Nor by the Canon Law can it be done,
Without a dispensation from the Church:
Besides shee is so prone vnto this life,
As shee'le euen shreeke to heare a husband nam'de.

Bil. I, a poore innocent shee, well, heeres no knauery, hee
flouts the old fooles to their teeth.

Syr Raph.

of Edmonton.

Syr Raph. Boy, I am glad to heare
Thou mak'st such scruple of that conscience,
And in a man so young as is your selfe,
I promise you tis very seldome scene.
But *Francke*, this a tricke, a meere deuise,
A sleight plotted betwixt her father and my selfe;
To thrust *Mounchenseys* nose beside the cushion,
That being thus debard of all accesse,
Time yet may worke him from her thoughts,
And giue thee ample scope to thy desires.

Bil. A plague on you both for a couple of *Jewes*.

Har. How now *Francke*, what say you to that?

Fran. Let me alone, I warrant thee;

Syr, assur'd that this motion doth proceede,
From your most kinde and fatherly affection,
I doe dispose my liking to your pleasure,
But for it is a matter of such moment
As holy marriage, I must craue thus much,
To haue some conference with my ghostly father,
Frier Hilderham, here by, at *Waltham Abbey*,
To be absolu'd of things, that it is fit
None onely, but my *Confessor* should know.

Syr Ar. With all my hart, hee's a reuerend man, and to morrow-morning we will meete all at the *Abbey*, where by th'opinion of that Reuerend man

We will proceede, I like it passing well;
Till then wee part, boy, I thinke of it, Farewell:
A parents care no mortall tongue can tell.

Exeunt.

Enter Syr Arthur Clare, and Raymond Mounchensey like a Frier.

Syr Ar. Holy young *Novice* I haue told you now,
My full intent, and doe referre the rest
To your professed secrecie and care:
And see,
Our serious speech hath stolne vpon the way,
That we are come vnto the *Abbey-gate*.

The merry Deuill

Because I know *Mounchenssey*, is a Foxe,
That craftily doth ouerlooke my doings,
He not be secne, not I; Tush, I haue done,
I had a Daughter, but thee's now a *Nunne*;
Farewell deare onne, farewell.

Exit.

Moun. Fare-you-well, I, you haue done;
Your daughter sir, shall not be long a *Nunne*.
O my rare Tutor, neuer mortall braine,
Plotted out such a masse of policie;
And my deere bosome is so great with laughter,
Begot by his simplicity and error:
My soule is fallen labour with her ioy;
O my true friendes, *Franke Ierningham*, and *Clare*,
Did you now know, but how this jest takes fire,
That good *Syr Arthur*, thinking me a *Nonice*,
Hath euen powr'd himselfe into my bosome;
O you would vent your spleenes with tickling mirth,
But *Raymond* peace; and haue an eye about,
For feare perhaps some of the *Nunnes* looke out.
Peace and charity within,
Neuer toucht with deadly sinne;
I cast my holy-water poore,
On this wall, and on this doore.
That from euill shall defend,
And keepe you from the vgly fiend;
Euill spirit by night nor day,
Shall approch or come this way;
Elfe nor *Fayrie*, by this grace,
Day nor night shall haunt this place.

Holie maidens knocke.

Who's that which knocks? ha, who's there?

Answer within.

Moun. Gentle *Nunne*, heere is a *Frier*-
Nunne. A *Frier* without, now *Christ vs saue*.
Holy man, what wouldst thou haue?

Enter Nunne.

Moun. Holy-Maide, I hither come,
From *Frier* and *Father Hildersome*,
By the fauour and the grace
Of the *Prioresse* of this place.

'Amongst

of Edmonton.

Amongst you all to visit one,
That's come for approbation,
Before she was as now you are,
The daughter of Sir *Arthur Clare*:
But since she now became a Nun,
Call'd *Milliscent* of Edmonton.

Nun. Holy man, repose you there,
This newes Ile to our Abbess beare:
To tell what a man is sent,
And your message and intent.

Mount. Benedicite.

Nun. Benedicite.

Exit.

Mount. Doe my good plumpe wench, if all fall right,
Ile make your sister-hood one lesse by night:
Now happie fortune speede this merrie drift,
I like a wench comes roundly to her shrift.

and

Enter Lady-Milliscent.

Lad. Haue Friers recourse then to the house of Nuns?

Milli. Madam it is the order of this place,
When any virgin comes for approbation,
Lest that for feare or such sinister practise,
Shee should be forcde to vndergoe this vaile,
Which should proceed from conscience & deuotion:
A visitor is sent from Waltham house,
To take the true confession of the maide.

Lady. Is that the order? I commend it well,
You to your shrift, Ile backe vnto the cell.

Exit.

Mount. Life of my soule, bright Angell.

Mill. What meanes the Frier?

Mount. O *Milliscent*, tis I.

Mill. My heart misgiues me, I should know that voyce,
You, who are you? The holy virgin blesse me,
Tell me your name, you shall ere you confesse me.

Mount. *Mountchensy* thy true friend.

Milli. My *Raymond*, my deere heart,
Sweete life giue leaue to my distracted soule,

The merry Diuell

To wake a little from this swoone of ioy,
By what meanes canst thou to assume this shape?

Mount. By meanes of *Peter Fabell* my kind Tutor,
Who in the habite of *Frier Hilderfbam*.

*Franke Ierningham*s old friend and confessor,
Plotted by *Franke*, by *Fabell* and my selfe,
And so deliuered to *Sir Arthur Clare*,
Who brought me heere vnto the Abby gate,
To be his Nun-made daughters visitor.

Mills You are all sweete traytors to my poore old father,
O my deere life, I was a dream't to night,
That as I was praying in mine Psalter,
There came a spirit vnto me as I kneeld,
And by his strong perswasions tempted me
To leaue this Nunrie; and me thought
He came in the most glorious Angell shape,
That mortall eye did euer looke vpon:
Ha, thou art sure that spirit, for theres no forme,
Is in mine eye so glorious as thine owne.

Mount. O thou Idolatresse that dost this worship,
To him whose likenes is but praise of thee,
Thou bright vnsetting star which through this vaile,
For very enuie mak'lt the Sun looke pale.

Mills. Well visitor, lest that perhaps my mother
Should thinke the Frier too strickt in his decrees,
I this confesse to my sweet ghostly father,
If chaste pure loue be sin, I must confesse,
I haue offended three yeares now with thee.

Mount. But doe you yet repent you of the same?

Mills. Yfaith I cannot.

Moun. Nor will I absolue thee,
Of that sweete sin, though it be veniall,
Yet haue the pennance of a thousand kisses.
And I enioyne you to this pilgrimage,
That in the euening you bestow your selfe
Heere in the walke neere to the willow ground,
Where Ile be readie both with men and horse,

of Edmonton. 1

To waite your comming and conuey you hence,
Vnto a lodge I haue in Enfield chafe:
No more replie if that you yeeld consent,
I see more eyes vpon our stay are bent.

Mill. Sweete life farewell ; tis done, let that suffice,
What my tongue failes, I send thee by mine eyes. *Exit.*

Enter Fabell, Clare, and Ierningham.

Ier. Now Visitor how does this new made Nun ?

Cla. Come, come, how does she noble Capouchin ?

Moun. She may be poore in spirit, but for the flesh tis fatte
and plumpe boyes :

Ah rogues, there is a company of girles would turne you all
Friers.

Fab. But how *Mountchenley* ? how lad for the wench ?

Moun. Sound lads yfaith ; I thanke my holy habit,
I haue confest her, and the Lady priorelle hath giuen me ghost-
ly counsell with her blessing.

And how say yee boyes,
If I be chose the weekely visitor ?

Cla. Z'blood sheel haue nere a Nun vnbagd to sing masse
then.

Ier. The Abbat of Waltham will haue as many Children, to
put to nurse, as he has calues in the Marsh.

Moun. Well to be breefe, the Nun will soone at night turne
lippit ; if I can but deuise to quite her cleanly of the Nunrie, she
is mine owne.

Fab. But Sirra *Raymond*, what newes of *Peter Fabell* at the
house ?

Moun. Tush hees the onely man ; a Necromancer, and a Con-
iurer that workes for yong *Mountchenley* altogether ; and if it
be not for Fryer *Benedicke*, that he can crosse him by his learned
skill, the Wench is gone.

Fabell will fetch her out by very magicke.

Fab. Stands the winde there boy, keepe them in that key,
The wench is ours before to morrow day:

Well

The merry Diuell

Well *Raph* and *Frank*, as ye are gentlemen, sticke to vs close this once, you know your fathers haue men and horse lie ready still at Chelton, to watch the coast be cleere, to scout about, and haue an eye vnto *Mornchen*'s walks: therefore you two may houer thereabouts, and no man will suspect you for the matter: be ready but to take her at our hands, leaue vs to scramble for her getting out.

Ier. Z' blood if all Herford-shire were at our heeles, weele carrie her away in spite of them.

Cla. But whither *Raymond*?

Moun. To *Brians* vpper lodge in Enfield Chase, he is mine honest Friend and a tall keeper, ile send my man vnto him presently t'acquaint him with your comming and intent.

Fab. Be breefe and secret.

Moun. Soone at night remember
You bring your horses to the willow ground.

Ier. Tis done, no more.

Cla. We will not faile the hower.
My life and fortune, now lies in your power.

Fab. About our busines, *Raymond* lets away,
Thinke of your hower, it drawes well of the day. *Exit.*

Enter Blague, Banks, Smug, and Sir Iohn.

Bla. Come yee Hungarian pilchers, we are once more come vnder the zona torrida of the Forrest, lets be resolute, lets flie to and againe; and if the diuell come, weele put him to his Interrogatories, and not budge a foote, what? s'foote ile put fire into you, yee shall all three serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Smu. Mine host, my bully, my pretious consull, my noble Holefernes, I haue bin drunke i' thy house, twentie times and ten, all's one for that, I was last night in the third heauens, my braine was poore, i't had yelt in't, but now I am a man of action, is't not so lad?

Bil. Why? now thou hast two of the liberall sciences about thee, wit and reason, thou maist serue the Duke of Europe.

Smu. I will serue the Duke of Christendom, and doe him more credit in his celler then all the plate in his butterie, is't not so lad? *Sir Io-*

of Edmonton.

Syr Ioh. Mine Host and *Smug*, stand there *Baucks*, you, and your horse, keepe together, but lie close ; shewe no trickes, for feare of the Keeper. If wee be scard, weele meet in the Church-porch at *Enfielde*.

Smug. Content *Syr Iohn*.

Baucks. *Smug*, dost not thou remember the Tree thou fell'st out of last night?

Smug. Tush, and't had beene as high as an *Abbey*, I should nere haue hurt my selfe, I haue fallen into the Riuer, comming home from *Waltham*, and scapt drowning.

Syr Ioh. Come seuer. feare no sprites, wee'le haue a Bucke presently, we haue watched later then this for a Doe, mine Host.

Host. Thou speak'st as true as valuet.

Sor Ioh. Why then come, Grasse and hay, &c.

Exeunt

Enter Clare, Ierningham, and Milliscent.

Cla. Franke *Ierningham*?

Ier. Speake softly Rogue, how now?

Clar. S'foot, we shall lose our way, 'tis so darke, whereabouts are we?

Ier. Why man, at *Poitiers-gate*;
The way lies right : Harke, the clocke strikes at *Enfielde*, what's the houre?

Cla. Ten, the Bell sayes.

Ier. A lyes in's throate, it was but eight when wee set out of *Cheston* ; *Syr Iohn* and his *Sexton* are at Ale to night, the Clocke runnes at randome.

Cla. Nay, as sure as thou liu'st the villenous Vicar is abroad in the Chase this darke night; the stone Priest steales more venison then halfe the Countrey.

Ier. *Milliscent*, how dost thou?

Mill. *Syr*, very well.

I would to God we were at *Brians Lodge*,

Cla. We shall anone; z'ounds harke,
What meanes this noyse?

Ier. Stay, I heare horse-men.

Cla. I heare footemen too.

The merry Deuill

Ier. Nay then I haue it, we haue bin discouerd;
And we are followed by our fathers men.

Mill. Brother and friend, alas what shall we doe?

Cla. Sister speake softly, or we are descride,
They are hard vpon vs, what so ere they be,
Shadow your selfe behinde this brake of Ferne,
Weele get into the wood, and let them passe.

*Exeunt Syr Iohn, Blague, Smug and Bankes,
one after another.*

Syr Ioh. Grasse and Hay, wee are all mortall, the Keeper's abroad, and theres an end.

Banks.. Syr Iohn.

Syr Ioh. Neighbour Banks what newes?

Ban. Z'ounds Syr Iohn the Keepers are abroad; I was hard by am,

Syr Ioh. Grasse and Hay, wher's mine Host Blague?

Bla. Heere Metropolitane, the Philistines are vpon vs, be silent; Let vs serue the good Duke of Norfolke; but where is Smug?

Smug. Here, a poxe on yee all dogges, I haue kild the greatest Bucke in Brians walke; shift for your selues, all the Keepers are vp, lets meete in Enfielde Church-porch, away, we are all taken else.

Exeunt.

Enter Brian, with his man, and his hound.

Bri. Raph, hearst thou any stirring?

Raphe. I hearde one speake heere hard by, in the bottome; Peace Maister; speake lowe, zownes if I did not heare a Bowe goe off, and the Bucke bray, I neuer heard Deere in my life.

Bri. When went your fellowes out into their walkes?

Ra. An hower agoe.

Bri. S'life is there stealers abroad, and they cannot heare of them! where the Diuell are my men to night? sirra, go vp the wind toward Buckleys lodge.

Ile cast about the bottome with my Hound, and I will meete thee vnder Cony oake.

Ra. I will Syr.

*Exit.
Bri.*

of Edmonton.

Bri. How now? by the Masse my Hound stayes vpon something; harke, harke, Bowman, harke, harke, there.

Mill. Brother, *Frankelerningham*, brother *Clare*.

Bri. Peace, thats a womans voyce, stand, who's there, stand or Ile shoote.

Mill. O Lord, hold your hands, I meane no harme Syr.

Bri. Speake, who are you?

Mill. I am a Maide sir, who? *M. Brian*?

Bri. The very same, sure I should knowe her voyce; Mistris *Millicent*?

Mill. I, it is I Syr;

Bri. God for his passion, what make you here alone? I lookd for you at my Lodge an hower agoe, what meanes your companie to leaue you thus? who brought you hither?

Mill. My brother Syr, and *M. Ierningham*, who hearing folke about vs in the Chase, feard it had bene Syr *Arthur*, and my Father, who had pursude vs; thus disperfed our selues, till they were past vs.

Bri. But where be they?

Mill. They be not farre off, here about the groue.

Enter Clare and Ierningham.

Cla. Be not afraide man, I heard *Brians* tongue, thats certaine,

Ier. Call softly for your sister;

Cla. *Millicent*.

Mill. I brother, heere.

Bri. M. *Clare*.

Cla. I told you it was *Brian*.

Bri. Whoes that? *M. Ierningham*? you are a couple of hot-shots; does a man commit his wench to you, to put her to grasse at this time of night?

Ier. We heard a noyse about her in the chase, And fearing that our Fathers had pursude vs, scuerd our selues.

Cla. *Brian*, how hapned 'st thou on her?

Bri. Seeking for stealers are abroad to night, My Hound stayed on her, and so found her out.

The merry Diuell

Cla. They were these stealers that affrighted vs,
I was hard vpon them, when they horst their *Deere*,
And I perceiue they tooke me for a Keeper.

Bri. Which way tooke they?

Ier. Towards *Enfelde*.

Bri. A plague vpon't, thats that damnd *Priest*, and *Blague* of
the *George*, he that serues the good duke of *Norfolke*.

A Noyse within, Follow follow follow.

Cla. Peace, thats my fathers voyce.

Bri. Z'ownds you suspected them, and now they are heere
indeed.

Mill. Alas, what shall we doe?

If you goe to the Lodge, you are surely taken,
Strike downe the wood to *Enfield* presently,
And if *Mounchensy* come, Ile send him t'yce:
Let me alone to bussle with your Father,
I warrant you, that I will keepe them play,
Till you haue quit the Chase, away, away.

Who's there?

Enter the Knight.

Syr Raph. In the *Kings Name*, pursue the Rauisher.

Bri. Stand, or Ile shoote.

Syr Ar. Whoes there?

Bri. I am the Keeper that doe charge you stand,
You haue stolen my *Deere*.

Syr Ar. We stolne thy *Deere*; wee doe pursue a Thiefe.

Bri. You are arrant Thieues, and yee haue stolne my *Deere*.

Syr Raph. Wee are Knights, *Syr Arthur Clare*, and *Syr Raphe*
Ierningham.

Bri. The more your shame, that Knightes should bee such
Thieues.

Syr Ar. Who? or what art thou?

Bri. My name is *Brian*, Keeper of this walke.

Syr Rap. O *Brian*, a villain,
Thou hast receiud my Daughter to thy Lodge.

Bri. You haue stolne the best *Deere* in my walke to night,
my *Deere*.

Syr Ar. My Daughter.

Stop

of Edmenton.

Stop not my way.

Bri. What make you in my walke? you haue stolne the best Bucke in my walke to night.

Sir Ar. My daughter.

Bri. My D. ere.

Sir Rap. Where is *Mountchensey*?

Bri. Wheres my Bucke.

Sir Ar. I will complaine me of thee to the King.

Bri. Ile complaine vnto the King you spoile his game: Tis strange that men of your account and calling, will offer it, I tell you true, *Sir Arthur* and *Sir Raph*, that none but you haue onely spoild my game.

Sir Ar. I charge you stop vs not.

Bri. I charge you both get out of my ground. Is this a time for such as you, men of place and of your grauitie, to be abroad a theccuing! tis a shame, and a fore God if I had shot at you, I had serude you well enough.

Enter Banks the miller wet on his legs.

Ban. S'foote heeres a darke night indeed, I thinke I haue bin in fifteene ditches betweene this and the forrest: soft, heeres En-fielde Church: I am so wet with climbing ouer into an orchard for to steale some filberts: well, heere Ile sit in the Church porch and wait for the rest of my consorts.

Enter the Sexton.

Sex. Heeres a skie as blacke as Lucifer, God blesse vs, heere was goodman Theophilus buried, he was the best Nutcraker that euer dwelt in Enfeild: well, tis 9. a clock, tis time to ring curfew. Lord blesse vs? what a white thing is that in the Church porch. O Lord my legges are too weake for my body, my haire is too stiffe for my night-cap, my heart failes; this is the ghost of Theophilus, O Lord it folloves me, I cannot say my prayers and one would giue me a thousand pound: good spirit, I haue bowld and drunke and followed the hounds with you a thousand times, though I haue not the spirit now to deale with you, O Lord.

The merry Diuell

Enter Priest.

Prie. Grasse and hay, we are all mortall, who's there?

Sex. We are grasse and hay indeed; I know you to be Maister Parson by your phrase.

Prie. Sexton.

Sex. I Sir.

Prie. For mortalities sake, What's the matter?

Sex. O Lord I am a man of another element; Maister *Theophilus* Ghost is in the Church porch, there was a hundred Cats all fire dancing euen now; and they are clombe vp to the top of the steeple, ile not into the bellfree for a world.

Prie. O good *Salomon*; I haue bin about a deede of darkenes to night: O Lord I saw fiftene spirits in the forrest, like white bulles, if I lie I am an arrant theefe: mortalitie haunts vs; grasse and hay the diuells at our heeles, and lets hence to the parsonages.

Exeunt.

The Miller comes out very softly.

Mill. What noise was that? tis the watch, sure that villanous vnluckie rogue *Smug* is taine vpon my life, and then all our villenie comes out, I heard one cry sure.

Enter Host Blague.

Host. If I go steale any more veneson, I am a Paradox, s'foot I can scarce beare the sinne of my flesh in the day, tis so heauie, if I turne not honest, and serue the good Duke of Norfolke, as true marcterraneum skinker should doe, let me neuer looke higher then the element of a Constable.

Mill. By the Lord there are some watchmen; I heare them name Maister Constable, I would to God my Mill were an Eunuch and wanted her stones, so I were hence.

Host. Who's there?

Mill. Tis the Constable by this light, Ile steale hence, and if I can mette mine host *Blague*, ile tell him how *Smug* is taine, and will him to looke to himselfe.

Exit.

Host.

of Edmonton.

Host. What the diuell is that white thing? this same is a Church-yard, and I haue heard that ghosts, and villenous goblins haue beene seene heere.

Enter Sexton and Priest.

Pri. Grass and hay, O that I could coniure, we saw a spirit here in the Church-yard; and in the fallow field ther's the diuell, with a mans body vpon his backe in a white sheete.

Sex. It may be a womans body Sir *Iohn.*

Pri. If she be a woman, the sheets damne her, Lord bleesse vs, what a night of mortalitie is this.

Host. Priest.

Prie. Mine host.

Host. Did you not see a spirit all in white, crosse you at the stile?

Priest. O no mine host, but there sate one in the porch, I haue not breath inough left to bleise me from the Diuell.

Host. Whoes that?

Pri. The Sexton almost frighted out of his wits, Did you see *Banke*, or *Smug*.

Host. No they are gone to Waltham, sure I would faine hence, come, lets to my house, Ile nere serue the Duke of Norfolke in this fashion againe whilst I breath. If the diuell be amongst vs, tis time to hoist saile, and cry roomer: Keepe together Sexton, thou art secret, what? lets be comfortable one to another.

Pri. We are all mortall mine host.

Host. True, and Ile serue God in the night hereafter, a fore the Duke of Norfolke.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Raph Clare, and Sir Arthur Ierningham, trusting their points as new vp.

Sir Rap. Good morrow gentle knight,
A happie day after your short nights rest,

Sir Ar. Ha, ha, sir *Raph* stirring so soone indeed,
Birlady sir rest would haue done right well,

Our

The merry Diuell

Our riding late last night, has made me drowlic,
Goe to goe to those daies are gone with vs.

Sir Ra. *Sir Arthur*, *Sir Arthur*, care goe with those daies,
Let'am euen goe together, let'am goe.

Tis time yfaith that we were in our graues,
When Children leaue obedience to their parents,
When there's no feare of God, no care, no dutie.
Well, well, nay, it shall not doe, it shall not,
No *Mountchensey*, thoult heare on't, thou shalt,
Thou shalt yfaith, Ile hang thy Son if there be law in England:
A mans Child rauisht from a Nunrie!

This is rare; well well, ther's one gone for *Frier Hilder(am)*.

Sir Ar. Nay gentle Knight do not vexe thus,
It will but hurt your heate.

You cannot greeue more then I doe, but to what end; but harke
You *Sir Raph*, I was about to say something; it makes no matter,
But hearke you in your care; the *Frier's* a knaue, but God for-
giue me, a man cannot tel neither, s'foot I am so out of patience,
I know not what to say.

Sir Ra. Ther's one went for the *Frier* an hower agoe,
Comes he not yet, s'foot if I do find knauerie vnders cowle; ile
tickle him: ile firke him; here here hee's here, hee's here,
Good morrow *Frier*, good morrow gentle *Frier*.

Enter Hilder sham.

Sir Ar. Good morrow father *Hilder sham* good morrow.

Hild. Good morrow reuerend Knights vnto you both.

Sir Ar. Father, how now? you heare how matters goe,
I am vndone, my Childe is cast away,
You did your best; at least I thinke the best,
But we are all crost, flatly all is dasht.

Hild. Alas good knights, how might the matter be:
Let me vnderstand your griefe for Charitie.

Sir Ar. Who does not vnderstand my griefes? alas alas?
And yet yee do not, will the Church permit,
A Nnn in approbation of her habit,

of Edmonton.

To be rauished.

Hild. A Holy woman, *Benedicite*; Now God forfend that a
nie should presume to touch the Sister of a *Holic-Hanse*.

Syr Art. *IHESVS* deliuer me.

Syr Raph. Why *Mulliscent* the daughter of this Knight,
Is out of *Cheston* taken this last night.

Hild. Was that faire *Maiden* late become a *Nunne*?

Syr Ra. Was she (quoth a?) *Knauery*, *knauery*, *knauery*, *knauery*; I smell it, I smell it yfaith; is the winde in that dore? is it
euen so? doest thou aske me that now?

Hild. It is the first time that ere I heard of it.

Syr Ar. Thats very strange.

Syr Ra. Why tell me *Frier*, tell mee, thou art counted a holy
man; doe not play the Hypocrite with mee, nor beare with me,
I cannot dissemble: did I ought but by thy owne consent? by
thy allowance? nay further by thy warrant?

Hild. Why Reuerend Knight?

Syr Ra. Vnreuerend *Frier*.

Hild. Nay then giue me leaue *Syr* to depart in quiet, I had
hop'd you had sent for me to some other end.

Syr Ar. Nay, stay good *Frier*, if any thing hath hapd,
About this matter in thy loue to vs;
That thy strickt order cannot iustifie,
Admit it be so, we will couer it,
Take no care man;
Disclaime not yet thy counsell and aduise,
The wisest man that is may be ore-reacht.

Hild. *Syr Arthur*, by my Order, and my Faith,
I knowe not what you meane,

Syr Ra. By your order, & by your faith this is most strange of all;
Why tell mee *Frier*, are not you Confessor to my sonne *Fræncke*?

Hild. Yes, that I am.

Syr Ra. And did not this good Knight here and my selfe
Confesse with you, being his ghostly Father,
To deale with him about th'vnbanded marriage,
Betwixt him, and that faire young *Mulliscent*?

F

Hild.

The merry Diuell

Hil. I neuer heard of any match intended.

Syr Ar. Did not we breake our mindes that very time,
That our device in making her a *Nunne*.

Was but a colour, and a very plotte,
To put by young *Mounchenfey*; Ist not true?

Hil. The more I strue to know what you should meane, the
lesse I vnderstand you.

Syr Raph. Did not you tell vs still, how *Peter Fabell* at length
would crosse vs, if wee tooke not heed?

Hil. I haue heard of one that is a great *Magitian*,
But hee's about the *Vniuersitie*.

Syr Raph. Did you not send your *Novice Benedic*?
To perswade the gyrl to leaue *Mounchenfey*'s loue;
To crosse that *Peter Fabell* in his Art,
And to that purpose made him visitor?

Hil. I neuer sent my *Novice* from my house,
Nor haue we made our visitation yet.

Syr Ar. Neuer sent him? Nay, did he not goe? and did not I
direct him to the house, and couferre with him by the way? and
did not he tell me what charge he had receiued from you? word
by word, as I requested at your hands?

Hil. That you shall know, he came along with me, and staies
without; Come hether *Benedic*; *Enter Benedic.*

Young *Benedic*, were you ere sent by me to *Cheston Nunnery*,
for a Visitor?

Ben. Neuer Syr, truly,

Syr Ar. Stranger then all the rest.

Syr Raph. Did not I direct you to the house?
Conferre with you from *Waltham Abbey*,
Vnto *Cheston wall*?

Ben. I neuer saw you sir before this howre.

Syr Raph. The diuell thou didst not; hoe Chamberlen.

Chamb. Anon, Anon:

Syr Raph. Call mine Host *Blague* hither.

Cla. I will send once ouer to see if hee be vp, I thinke hee be
scarce stirring yet.

Syr Raph. Why knaue, didst thou not tell mee an houre ago
mine

of Edmonton.

mine Host was vp?

Cham. I sir my Maister's vp.

Syr Ra. You knaue, is a vp, and is a not vp?
Doeſt thou mocke me?

Chamb. I sir, my M. is vp, but I thinke *M. Blague* indeede be not stirring.

Syr Raph. Why who's thy Master? is not the Master of the house thy Master?

Chamb. Yes Syr, but *M. Blague* ouer the way.

Syr Ar. Is not this the *George*? before God theres some vil-
lanie in this.

Chamb. S'foote, our signes remou'de, this is strange.

Enter Blague trussing his points.

Bla. Chamberlen, speake vp to the New-lodgings,
Bid *Nell* looke well to the Bak't-meats,
How now my olde Ienerts banke, my horse,
My castle, lye in *Waltham* all night, and not
vnder the Canopie of your Host *Blagues* house?

Syr Ar. Mine Host, mine Host, wee lay all night at the *George*
in *Waltham*; but whether the *George* be your Fee-simple or no,
tis a question, looke vpon your signe.

Host. Bodie of *Saint George*, this is mine ouerthwart neigh-
bour hath done this, to seduce my blinde customers, Ile tickle
his *Catastrophe* for this; If I doe not indite him at next Af-
fises for *Burglary*, let mee die of the yellowes; for I see tis no
boote in these dreyes to serue the good Duke of *Norfolke*, the
villanous worlde is turn'd manger, one jade deceiues another,
and your Oiler playes his part commonly for the fourth share,
haue wee *Comedies* in hand, you whore son villanous male *Lon-*
don-letcher?

Syr Ar. Mine Host, wee haue had the moylingst night of it
that euer we had in our liues.

Host. Ist certaine:

Syr Raph. Wee haue bene in the Forreſt all night almost.

Host. S'foot, How did I miſſe you? hart, I was a ſtealing a

The merry Diuell

Bucke there.

Syr Art. A plague on you, we were stayd for you.

Host. Were you my noble Romanes? why, you shall share, the venison is a footing, *Sine Cerere & Baccho, friget Venere*; That is, Theres a good break-fast provided for a Marriage, thats in my house this morning.

Syr Art. A Marriage mine Host?

Host. A coniunction copulative, a gallant match, betweene your daughter, and M. *Raymond Mounchensy*, young *Iuuentus*.

Syr Art. How?

Host. Tis firme, tis done,
Weele shew you a President in ciuill Law for't.

Syr Ra. How! married!

Host. Leauie tricks, and admiration, theres a cleancly paire of sheets in the bed on the Orchardchamber: & they shall lie there, what? He doe it, He serue the good Duke of Nortoike.

Ser Ar. Thou shalt repent this *Blague*.

Syr Ra. If any Law in *England* will make thee smart for this, expect it with all seueritie.

Host. I renounce your defiance, if you parle so roughly. He barracado my gates against you: stand faire Bully; *Priest* come off from the reward; what can you say now? 't was done in my house, I haue shelter in Court for't, Doe see your bay window? I serue the good Duke of Norfolke, and tis his lodging, storme, I care not, seruing the good duke of Norfolke: thou art an actor in this, and thou shalt carry fire in thy face eternally.

*Enter Smug, Mounchensy, Harry Clare,
and Millscent.*

Smug. Fire, s'blood, theres no fire in *England* like your *Tri-ridado-lacke*; is any man here humorous? wee stole the venison, and weele iustifie it; say you now.

Host. In good soothe *Smug*, theres more Sacke on the fire
Smug.

Smu. I doe not take any exceptions against your Sacke, but if youle lend mee a picke-staffe, ile cudgell them all hence, by this hand.

Host.

of Edmonton.

Host. I say thou shalt in to the Celler.

Sm. S'foot mine *Host*, shalls not grapple?

Pray pray you; I could fight now for all the world like a Cockatrice ege; shalls not serue the Duke of Norfolk? *Exit.*

Host. Inskipper in.

Sir Arth. Sirra, hath young *Mountchensy* married your sister?

Ha. Cla. Tis Certaine Sir; her's the Priest that coupled them; the parties ioyned, and the honest witnesse that cride, Amen.

Mount. Sir *Arthur Clare*, my reu created Father, I beseech you heare me.

Sir Ar. Sir, Sir, you are a foolish boy, you haue done that you cannot answere; I dare be bold to ceaze her from you, for shee's a profest Nun.

Mill. With pardon sir, that name is quite vndone,
This true-loue knot cancelles both maid and Nun.
When first you told me I should act that part,
How cold and bloodie it crept ore my hart!
To Chesson with a smiling brow I went,
But yet, deere sir, it was to this intent,
That my sweete *Raymond* might find better meanes,
To steale me thence: in breefe disguise he came,
Like Nouice to old father *Hilderham*.
His tutor here did act that cunning part,
And in our loue hath ioynd much wit to art.

Cla. Is't euen so!

Mill. With pardon therefore we intreate your smiles,
Loue thwarted, turnes it selfe to thousand wiles.

Cla. Young Maister *Ierningham*, were you an actor, in your owne loues abuse?

Ier. My thoughts, good sir,
Did labour seriously vnto this end,
To wrong my selfe ere ide abuse my friend.

Host. He speakes like a Batchelor of musicke all in Numbers; knights if I had knowne you would haue let this come of Partridges sit thus long vpon their knees vnder my signe-post,

The merry Diuell

I would haue spred my dore with old Couerlids.

Sir Ar. Well sir, for this your signe was remoued, was it?

Hof. Faith we followed the directions of the diuell,
Maister *Peter Fabell* and *Smug*. Lord blesse vs, could neuer stand
vpright since.

Sir Ar. You sir, twas you was his minister that married them.

Sir Io. Sir to proue my selfe an honest man, being that I was
last night in the forrest stealing Venison; now sir to haue you
stand my friend, if that matter should be calld in question, I mar-
ried your daughter to this worthy gentleman.

Sir Ar. I may chaunce to requite you, and make your necke
crack for't. V

Sir Io. If you doe, I am as resolute as my
Neighbour vicar of Waltham Abby: a hem,
Grasse and hay, we are all mortall,
Lets liue tell we be hangd mine host,
And be merry and theres an end.

Fab. Now knights I enter, now my part begins.
To end this difference, know, at first I knew
What you intended, ere your loue tooke flight,
From old *Mountchensy*: your sir *Arthur Clare*,
Were minded to haue married this sweete beautie,
To yong *Franke Ierningham*; to crosse which match,
I vsde some prettie sleights, but I protest
Such as but sate vpon the skirts of Art,
No coniurations, nor such weightie spells,
As tie the soule to their performancie:
Theese for his loue who once was my deere puple,
Haue I effected: now me thinks tis strange,
That you being old in wisdom should thus knit,
Your forehead on this match; since reason failes,
No law can curbe the louers rash attempt,
Yeares in resisting this are sadly spent:
Smile then vpon your daughter and kind sonne,
And let our toyle to future ages proue,
The diuell of Edmonton did good in Loue.

Sir Ar. Well tis in vaine to crosse the prouidence:

Deere

of Edmonton.

Deere Sonne, I take thee vp into my hart,
Rise daughter, this is a kind fathers part.

Host. Why Sir George send for Spindles noise, presently,
Ha, er't be night, ile serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Pri. Graile and hay, mine host, lets liue till we die, and be
merry and there's an end.

Sir Ar. What, is breakfast readie mine Host?

Host. Tis my little Hebrew.

Sir Ar. Sirra ride strait to Chesson Nunrie,
Fetch thence my Lady, the house I know,
By this time misses their yong votarie:
Come knights lets in.

Fill. I will to horse presently sir; a plague a my Lady, I shall
misse a good breakfast. *Smug* how chance you cut so plaguely
behind *Smug*?

Smu. Stand away; ile founder you else.

Bil. Farewell *Smug*, thou art in another element.

Smu. I will be by and by, I will be Sir George againe,

Sir Ar. Take heed the fellow do not hurt himselfe.

Sir Raph. Did we not last night find two S. Georges here.

Fab. Yes Knights, this martialist was one of them.

Cla. Then thus conclude your night of meriment.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

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